Trope: Mistaken Identity (RoyaleInstinct AU)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20057203.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Basic Instinct (Movies), James Bond (Craig Movies), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom, Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Le Chiffre/Adam Towers, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Le Chiffre, Adam Towers, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Adam, Omega Le Chiffre, Alternate Universe - College/University, Roommates, roommates Hannibal and Adam, cousins Will and Adam, cousins Hannibal and Le Chiffre (Jean), Unexpected Visitors, Mistaken Identity, Meet-Cute, breakfast interuptus, Scenting, suggestive talk, Lust, Dirty Talk, Dom/sub Undertones, discussions about bondage, Dominant Omega, Riding, Praise, Knotting, Multiple Orgasms, Happy Ending, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site, can be read as traditional or multisex omega
Language:	English
Series:	Part 27 of Trope Trope: Exploring fic tropes in an Omegaverse setting, Part 68 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 94 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2019-07-31 Words: 3,832 Chapters: 1/1

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Adam mistakes Le Chiffre for his roommate Hannibal and gets quite a shock.

Adam rubbed at his eyes and yawned as he walked into the kitchen.

Hannibal was already in there, cooking breakfast. Which smelled amazing as always. He was lucky really to have a good roommate in Hannibal. Adam's cousin Will had introduced them when they were both looking for somewhere at the outset of their third year. Hannibal in medicine, Adam in journalism, which actually meant that they were different enough to get on well. He had worried for a while the year previous, as he started his postgrad, that Hannibal and Will would want to move in together and leave him having to search all over again. But thankfully they'd decided against that for now. Which was probably for the best because he could imagine Hannibal would irritate the hell out of grumpy Will if they lived together day in day out.

Though that might have been his bias over not wanting to lose a quiet, studious roommate, whose idea of an unwinding hobby was to cook some of the best food Adam had ever tasted.

"Hey," Adam yawned as he went to the fridge and pulled out his juice, swigging it from the carton as Hannibal made an appalled sort of sound, despite the fact that he should be used to it by now.

If Adam had his contacts in, or had been able to find his glasses on his mess of a desk, he'd likely have seen Hannibal's disgruntled look as he rolled his eyes at him. As it was, Hannibal was just a blur of a shape. A Hannibal shaped shape that was cooking breakfast.

Adam tried to focus in on the food, not quite sure what he actually was cooking. There was a delicious scent that he wasn't quite sure was the food or maybe a new shower gel Hannibal was trying out. It was damn good though, to the point where it prickled at the edges of his senses.

He tried to ignore that. Not that he hadn't thought about being with an alpha before, but Hannibal was his friend and Will was family he had zero interest in him, so finding the guy's scent interesting was the last thing he wanted. Besides, it didn't smell quite alpha.

The whole thing perplexed his brain and he dropped into the stool at the breakfast bar wondering if he was just frazzled from working on his assignment half of the night.

"What's for breakfast?" Adam asked, still trying to squint at the pans.

Hannibal paused and was clearly looking at him but not responding, which was just odd. There was something definitely off about his roommate today.

"Börek," he finally replied.

"Huh." Adam responded, unsure what else to say and kinda surprised by the weirdness of Hannibal's voice. Like his accent was slightly off. And he sounded kind of cold. Which to be fair, Hannibal could be stone cold and clinical, but it was just that - clinical. This tone was ice cold and harsh. It caught Adam off guard.

"Is… everything okay?" Adam asked, concerned. He didn't want to push, but maybe he and Will had had a fight. They didn't fight often, but now and then there were little blow ups. Like the time Hannibal wanted to pay for Will's ticket to go to Lithuania to visit his family. Will was too prideful and couldn't see that this was just as much for Hannibal as it was for him - Hannibal had wanted him to meet his family. He got it in the end, and under sufferance had let Hannibal pay.

Adam would have just let the damn man pay with no argument. He was never too proud to take anything on offer. But maybe the difference between him and Will in that regard was down to gender. Will didn't want to be seen as Hannibal's kept omega - which he was far from. Being an alpha, maybe it was different for Adam? He mused on it whilst waiting for Hannibal to answer.

Eventual Hannibal went back to the pans, looking down as he replied, "I'm quite well, thank you."

Adam frowned. This whole fucking thing was so weird. Maybe Hannibal had been studying too hard? Normally by now he was rambling on some complicated explanation of what he was cooking and the centuries of history behind it. Adam usually tuned out after a minute and let him ramble whilst he had a coffee. Hannibal was a talker. Everything he said was usually pretty valid, which made it hard to ever win an argument with him. But really, the guy never stopped damn well talking.

Adam suspected it was something Will quite enjoyed about him though likely wouldn't admit.

"Uhuh." Adam replied with a frown, wondering again if something had happened with Will and Hannibal didn't want to say anything as they were cousins? "I'll… make the coffee." Adam decided, getting off the stool and heading around the counter behind Hannibal to start the maker going.

They worked side by side in silence for a minute, another whiff of that really nice scent sinking into Adam in a way that made him feel a little bit uncomfortable, considering that it was Hannibal.

Maybe it was the distraction of that or the fact that he could barely see a thing, but after he had poured his own cup and was starting on one for Hannibal, Adam managed to put his hand directly in line with the hot coffee.

"Fuck!" He jumped, dropping the cup. It smashed on the floor as he held his hand with a grimace.

"Here," Hannibal growled, clearly pissed at him, as he removed the pan from the heat and grabbed Adam's wrist to put his hand under the faucet.

Adam, terrifyingly, shuddered at Hannibal's touch. It sent a strange sensation zinging over his skin and through every nerve, right down to his balls.

What the actual fuck!?

The scent seemed to grow stronger for a moment as Hannibal stood close to him, as he held Adam's hand under the cool water. Adam wanted to push him away but found he couldn't. He actually wanted to not push him away at all. Wanted to scent him and nuzzle into him.

The thought disgusted him. He was Will's boyfriend and he'd never had any feelings like this for his friend before. Adam couldn't help the warning growl that boiled up in his throat in response to his own thoughts.

He'd expected the other alpha to back off. But that didn't happen.

Instead Hannibal let out a placating sound, not quite a purr, and leaned in to scent him. Like an omega's automatic response to alpha aggression.

"What the fuck Hannibal?!" Adam cried out and pushed the man away, his hand smarting and water flying around the kitchen. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"Adam?" Hannibal's voice came from behind him and he turned to see Hannibal, another Hannibal, stood in the living room.

"What the…" He looked back between the two men.

"You've… met my cousin, Jean," Hannibal replied hesitantly, clearly trying to work out what the hell he'd walked in on.

"Jean?" Adam blinked and tried to make sense of it himself.

"He arrived late last night, there was an issue with his hotel so I said he could sleep on the sofa…" Hannibal added in that tentative way that was also forcefull and brooked no argument. And normally Adam would give zero fucks about Hannibal having someone over, whether Will or a friend or relative. Plenty of Adam's friends had crashed on their sofa. Hell, plenty of omegas had stayed over the night in his room without Hannibal batting an eye or

being bothered in the least. So he was a little at a loss to explain the annoyance he felt at Jean being allowed to stay without his knowledge.

"I thought…" Adam started, is face heating as he looked between the two again. "Bollocks." He finally muttered before stomping back to his room feeling like a prize ass.

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Adam had a shower and dressed before finding his glasses and sitting back at his desk. Hand hurting and stomach growling as he tried to concentrate on his assignment.

The lack of concentration was less to do with the hand and hunger and more to do with the omega. Now the scent of food had died down and Adam knew there was an omega in the apartment, his brain could easily separate the scents out.

And Jean smelled fucking good.

Adam tried to ignore the scent, and the slight throb to his knot, as he typed but it was just getting harder and harder in every sense.

Just before midday there was a knock at his bedroom door.

"Come in," Adam called out, expecting it to be Hannibal with a smile and explanation. Maybe some food. But when he turned Jean walked in.

He could see clearly now that this omega wasn't as like Hannibal as he'd thought. No wonder the poor man had been so confused by Adam. They had a similar build and shape, but Jean's hair was a little neater - which was really saying something, and slightly darker. His clothing choice was darker too, though just as smart. And there was a long scar running through his left eye.

"Oh, um, hi." Adam stuttered, for want of anything else to say.

"I wanted to apologise for earlier," Jean said in the most unapologetic tone Adam had ever heard. "I should have realised and introduced myself."

"It's okay, it was my mistake," Adam replied, shaking his head dismissively.

Jean looked back out into the apartment and then stepped into Adam's room, closing the door behind him. Adam was surprised. Caught off guard by the sudden explosion of omega scent in his room. He winced as his cock twitched.

"I want you to know that scenting you wasn't intentional." Jean growled and it seemed less an apology and more that he wanted Adam to know he was very much not that kind of submissive omega. "I have had very little sleep on the sofa and a late flight. My reactions were not as they might have normally been." Every word was harsh, almost as though he were blaming Adam for his reaction.

Adam couldn't help but smirk. He loved a feisty omega and really didn't mind being dominated by one. In fact he liked it quite a bit, so this all seemed pretty academic.

"It's okay. I just figured you wanted my knot," Adam taunted, unable to help himself from rising to the omega's attitude.

That earned him a raised brow and a sneer as though Adam were not worth the omega's time.

And that really did make his cock twitch. He very much loved a challenge. The idea of seducing an omega into dominating him made him growl low in his throat.

Adam stood and walked to Jean, both of them wore a challenging look. This could be just the break from studying he needed, and so far Jean made no move to block the obvious move.

"You sure you just don't find me irresistible?" Adam teased as he stepped closer.

Jean looked him up and down, his glance stopping for a moment longer on the obvious bulge of his crotch than anywhere else.

"Don't flatter yourself," Jean replied and then made a show of looking like he was considering his next move before closing the space between them and palming Adam's cock. "Mmm, this might be quite satisfying though. If you can keep your mouth shut long enough for me to make use of it."

Jean growled the words and Adam had to admit he wasn't surprised by what was happening. Jean's scent was definitely one of interest, and Adam couldn't deny his own. It was clear to them both that they were very compatible. Which was likely just as responsible for Jean's apparent out of character reaction when he scalded his hand. Adam couldn't deny the appeal of making an omega act contrary to their usual ways, especially as he found himself willing to do the same in return.

"You sound like you want a service alpha," Adam breathed the words close to Jean's mouth as he leaned in. He seemed less and less like Hannibal the more he studied him, and that was definitely for the best.

"Is that a problem?" Jean rumbled back, his mouth tantalising close.

"Not at all, I quite like the idea of you hanging off my knot." Adam pushed.

Adam didn't miss the sneer before he closed the space between them and kissed Jean. Jean nipped back at his lips before pushing him over to the bed until it hit the back of his knees and Adam went down onto his back.

In fairness, this wasn't the quickest he'd ever gotten it on with someone. He'd been known more than once to end up in a club bathroom with a horny omega. But never in his own home like this with his roommate's cousin. The whole situation was a little out of the ordinary, but Adam was increasingly too caught up in Jean's scent to care.

It seemed to get stronger by the minute. Whilst the omega gave the outward appearance of being pretty disinterested, despite climbing over him on the bed, the scent of his arousal was quite evident.

Adam groaned and reached to grab Jean's ass, giving it a squeeze as the omega pushed his shoulders to the bed.

"Do I need to tie you up or will you behave yourself?" Jean growled, making Adam's cock swell against him. Jean's expression didn't change but Adam could practically taste the responding surge of slick.

"I'd let you," Adam admitted, deadly serious despite the teasing tone.

Jean smirked at that, and it was as close to a genuine smile the man had managed, "Maybe next time."

Adam bit back a groan at the words. Certainly he hadn't woken up that morning expecting to meet an omega that he found interesting enough to want to see again. And yet here was Jean and Adam hadn't even got his cock into him yet and wanted more.

"I like that you think I will please you enough warrant another tryst," Adam admitted, another tease.

Jean huffed, "I'm not completely convinced. I've just been going through a dry spell so… any port in a storm as the English say."

Adam huffed a laugh.

He wanted desperately to roll them and pin Jean beneath him, but knew that definitely was not what this omega wanted. And if nothing else he liked to think of himself as a considerate lover. And he even more desperately wanted his knot inside Jean.

The feeling was evidently mutual as Jean moved off him then and started to strip out of his lower half whilst looking at Adam expectantly. Adam hurriedly shucked down his pants and underwear before lying back on the bed with his cock standing completely erect and wanting.

He could scent Jean's interest as the omega stroked his own cock. It was nice looking, a good size for an omega and uncut like his own. That was something he wasn't fond of with the Americans he'd been with. It wasn't exactly a no go, he just preferred the look and feel of an uncut dick if he had a choice. He loved to slide an omega's foreskin back and forth as he fucked them.

Jean stood at the edge of the bed in just a black shirt, which he loosened at the collar, before climbing back over Adam.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me Adam? I hear you English boys are very well behaved." Jean smirked.

Adam huffed a laugh, "Not always. But what can I say? You make me want to obey."

That pleased Jean enough for him to grin and lean in to kiss Adam.

It was aggressive and deep, and Adam didn't hesitate to bring his hands up to begin to unbutton Jean's shirt as he rubbed his crotch over Adam's dick, effectively slicking it.

Adam moaned into the kiss, wanting to grab Jean's hips and sit him on his cock, but holding back as he knew he should. He contented himself with pushing off the omega's shirt and running his hand over his chest. A little plumpness there like most omega's, his nipples erect amongst his chest hair. It made Adam moan again, he had to admit he definitely preferred male omegas to female omegas and this was one of the reasons. He was definitely a fan of body hair.

Adam broke the kiss, which earned a huff from Jean until Adam pulled Jean up enough to take a nipple into his mouth, nosing at the chest hair as he licked and sucked.

He felt Jean shudder and took it as a small win.

Apparently pleasing enough that Jean moved himself enough to slide back onto Adam's cock, taking him immediately to the hilt in his slick omegan sex.

Adam moaned against Jean's chest, gently teasing the nipple with his teeth before Jean pushed him down. Adam let his arms fall back and Jean pinned them as he started to ride Adam's cock. The omega undulated, clearly enjoying the sensation on his own cock as it caught friction against Adam's belly.

"Oh fuck," Adam panted, "You're so…" Adam couldn't find the right words, especially with his eyes rolling in pleasure as Jean moved up. He almost let Adam's cock pull free but instead undulated again with the head of Adam's cock *just* inside him.

Adam groaned and his knot seemed to swell almost immediately in response. When Jean pushed back down Adam could feel his moist lips practically kissing at his knot.

"Fuck. I'm so glad you turned out not to be Hannibal," the words came out in a rush as Jean began to ride him hard. "Yes, please, ride my cock."

It earned him a dark chuckle that made Jean clench around his dick.

"Unnnffff," Adam almost doubled over at the sensation but was held down to the bed by the commanding omega.

"You were very rude, I have as much tolerance for that as my cousin." Jean growled.

"I'm sorry," Adam practically cried out the words as Jean lowered a little more onto his knot and then pulled off again. And he really meant it. "I'm sorry, please…"

Jean pulled off a little more, "I want you to be more polite from now on."

Adam nodded feverently, eyes squeezed shut as the teasing became almost overwhelming. Really he hadn't done anything wrong, he couldn't imagine how else he could have reacted in the situation, but he was willing to take the fault.

"I'll… I'll wear my glasses from now on… or my contacts…" Adam could hear the pleading in his tone as he tried to placate the omega above him.

Jean let out a hum of satisfaction, as though he'd gotten his own way, and sank down onto Adam's knot.

"Ughhhh, fuck…" Adam cried out and did double over this time, the force enough to push Jean back. He wrapped his arms around Jean's waist, holding him there and seeking out his nipple again as he rutted up into him.

His knot caught, stuck tight in the omega as they both continued to thrust.

"That's it, good boy…" Jean crooned. "Fill me up."

Adam groaned and spilled hot and deep into Jean as his cock throbbed through his knot and all the way down to his emptying balls.

Jean let out a low moan, his body tightening in the most controlled orgasm Adam had ever witnessed, feeling the wet spatter of come between their bodies and another surge of slick mixing with his own release, trapped inside Jean by his swollen knot.

"Fuck," Adam muttered, trying to catch his breath as he breathed against Jean's chest.

Jean leaned down and kissed him possessively, rocking on his knot until Adam groaned into his mouth and came again.

He could feel how hard he still was inside the omega, another few rounds of come waiting to spill. He wasn't sure of the last time he'd been so turned on, if ever.

When Jean broke away to catch his breath, Adam went back to nuzzling his chest whilst rocking his own hips, running his hands over the expanse of Jean's back and spilling almost continuously now in an ongoing stream of pleasure for both of them. Jean clenched rhythmically around him until Adam was practically milked dry.

He let out a sigh, collapsing back onto the bed and letting his arms fall from Jean as he did so, sure that the omega wouldn't care for the manhandling. He had second thoughts a moment later, wondering if pissing Jean off would earn him some sort of punishment, because he found himself very much up for that.

He roughly grabbed Jean's arm and pulled him into an embrace. Jean didn't resist but growled against Adam's ear.

"I want your knot, not your affections," Jean said coldly.

Adam swallowed, a stab of hurt despite himself. But then he nuzzled against Jean's neck, nipping over his scent gland and the omega let out a little whine of pleasure, clenching around him again.

"I think you might have them anyway," Adam murmured close to Jean's ear. "You still want to tie me up next time?" Adam pushed, wanting confirmation that there would be more to come now that they'd knotted.

"If you continued to act so poorly I'll flog you too," Jean said by way of confirmation, before nuzzling back against him. The only real sign of any interest beyond his knot so far.

Adam groaned and went pliant, relaxing into the bed as Jean's gentle hands stroked his face as he kissed him deeply.

"I think I like you, Hannibal's roommate." Jean growled against his mouth, "I think I'd like to buy you dinner."

Adam chuckled, "My name is Adam."

"I know," Jean replied before kissing him again. Adam rolled them then, enjoying the feel of the omega under him as they kissed sweet and slow whilst his knot went down.

*

Adam reached over when his phone pinged for the sixth time whilst Jean rode his knot for the fourth. Adam was already wondering how exhausting it would be to see Jean through his heat, if he was allowed.

He tried to focus on the phone, reading the message and then dropping it on the bed.

“A problem?” Jean asked, slowing to just circle his hips.

Adam groaned and grabbed at Jean’s hips, receiving a reprimanding tut that he already knew carried the threat of being tied up.

“Hannibal… he says he’s going out and to let him know when we’re done.”

Jean huffed a dark chuckle and leaned in to kiss Adam in a way that made very clear they were going to be quite some while yet.

He really was glad Jean turned out not to be Hannibal.

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